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COWICK &amp; WELCH, Eds &amp; Props.

FOURTEENTH YEAR.

WA-KEENEY, KANSAS, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1892.

NUMBER 19.

## THE YOUNGSTER'S SONG.

"Yes, stranger, things has changed out here; 'tain't very long ago Since this big town was nothin' but the ranch of old Bill Coe; We called it Freedom Camp, and every Sunday all the boys Would meet in front of old Bill's tent and make a precious noise.

There's nothin' makes our sort of men as happy as a din, And so with about and crack of gun, we used to sail right in; We'd fight and race, and try our strength, till half the night was spent, And then we'd go, with curse and laugh, to drink in old Bill's tent.

The only one that didn't drink, or carry on, or swear, Was sickly, and they'd sent him here for Colorado air; He was a youngster only, but he made us ranchmen mad Because he looked so solemn when we acted extra bad.

One Sunday night the noise eased up, and soon the camp was still, As each one on us stood and watched the moon rise o'er the hill; I don't know how it happened, but it looked so pure and calm, That every tough ranchman dropped his voice and stayed his arm.

And then, before a move was made, that youngster, that by one, Began to sing, so soft and clear, "My Faith Looks up to Thee." And in a minute hats was off, and every head was bowed, As them old words rang true and sweet, and softened up that crowd.

I hadn't heard the solemn tune since I was young as him, And sudden swelled up in my throat, and then my eyes got dim; As he sung on, I thought how brave he was, that crowd to face, And so I took a mighty breath and joined him with the base.

Then Denver Dick began to sing, and soon the whole crowd rose, Was shoutin' out that good old tune in voices deep and loud; We hadn't pretty voices, and some didn't know a word, But, stranger, it was the grandest thing that mortal ever heard.

And when the hymn was done, we said good-night, and went our way, And old Bill's tent was pretty well deserted from that day; For every Sunday night we'd meet and sing a hymn or two, And mix in hymns and rum, you see, of course would never do.

Yes, stranger, things has changed out here; we've got our churches now, And you could live here all your life and never see a row; The good has drove the bad away, and all this change, you see, Is owing to the chap that sung, "My Faith Looks up to Thee."

## THE REVERSED VERDICT

Jem Blake was shot dead in his own doorway by Antonio Gueldo, and the trial was to come off directly.

The extraordinary interest in the affair was less due to the murder and its peculiar circumstances than to the fact that this was the first case tried at San Sabn in any more formal court than the time honored institution of Judge Lynch.

As there was no place specially arranged for this trial, Judge Pitblado hospitably offered the use of his shed. Here a rough table and chair were placed for the Judge, the other necessary furniture, intended to represent the dock, the stand, etc., being eked out with boxes from Silas Bagget's grocery store.

Jake Smith looked at these preparations for a time with frowning discontent and then strolled down the road, turning into the lane that led to Blake's. When he reached the door of the shanty he leaned against the jamb and poked his naked head inside, fanning himself in an embarrassed way with his greasy fragment of a hat. He had come there with the intention of saying something, but the sight within made him forget it.

Blake's widow sat there, as she had pretty much all the time since the murder, staring straight before her, with her chin on her palm. The sunlight struck through the foliage of the red oak trees that grew before the door, and checked with the flickering brightness the floor and the cradle in which Jem's baby was sleeping.

There it was, just as it had been three days ago (could it be only three days?)—just as it had been when she went out that morning to look after the drying clothes and left him standing in the door by the cradle (how fond he was of the baby!)—just as it was when she heard the crack of the pistol and ran in with an awful sense of suffocating fright—just the same as when she had found him lying upon the cradle, dabbled in white linen with his blood, and the baby playing

with his hair. She screamed once, the first and last complaint any one had heard her make; then she was quiet and helpful through it all—when men came and lifted her up; when they laid her on the rough bed in the other room; when they carried him to the grave, she following with the baby in her arms.

Jake Smith was trying to find the link missing in his thoughts. He sniffed with perplexity—or something—and Blake's widow looked up without speaking. Jake nodded pleasantly four or five times.

"Poity chipper?" asked he.

Blake's widow smiled sadly, bent over the sleeping child and smoothed the clothes with a tender touch.

"They're agoin' to try him in a court," Jake went on, "an' I don't believe —"

"Try who—Antonio?" See turned toward the burly figure in the door with a flash of interest in her black eyes.

"Yes. The Judge is making a court of his shed. I hope it'll turn out all right, but it seems like giving that Mexican devil a chance he oughtn't ter have."

"He can't get clear, can he?" she asked, rocking the cradle gently and patting the coverlet.

"I don't see how, but he's got some kind of a law cuss ter speak for him—a feller that stopped here a day or two ago on his way to Galveston—and it makes me kind o' nervous."

Blake's widow did not appear to notice the last remark, for the child, disturbed by the talking, had awakened, and sat up in his cradle with a wondering look.

"Poity, ain't he?" said Jake, regarding the small figure with interest.

"Looks just like—ahem—you—Poor little—ah—ah—," he stammered, and treated his hat like a mortal enemy. "Of course he'd had—you've got—there's nothin' I can do fer yer, maybe?"

She answered with a grateful look, but it was accompanied with a shake of the head.

Jake bent down, and with his big forefinger softly ruffled the hair of the baby's head. Then he went out and left them. Blake's widow sitting as he found her and the baby staring the path after him.

He walked on until he reached the top of the little hill, where he could look down upon the roof which covered the piteous scene he had just left. Here he seemed to have half a mind to turn back, for he hesitated and stopped; but he changed his partial intention after lingering a moment, and walked meditatively onward, with the exclamation: "Wal, some women do beat the d—! amazin'."

Of course, everybody came to the trial. The arrangements were soon found to be altogether too meager. Pitblado's shed was filled to overflowing, and Bagget made a clean sweep of every empty box in his store.

Antonio's lawyer, a sharp-eyed, sharp-featured fellow from Galveston, had hustled about with surprising agility on the day previous, holding mysterious conferences with ill-conditioned fellows of Gueldo's kidney.

The court was assembled the jury had been chosen, and the witnesses were all present save one—Blake's widow.

Pretty soon there was a stir at the door, then a murmur of surprise ran through the crowded room.

"May I be d—!" said Jake Smith, audibly, "if she isn't brought her bob!"

What reason she may have had for not leaving the little thing in charge of some sympathizing woman—and there were plenty who would have been glad of the trust—was not apparent. However that might be, there it was, clasped firmly in her arms, its bright red cheeks contrasting with her whiteness, and its father's sunny hair mingling with her dark locks.

With some difficulty way was made through the throng to her seat, which had been placed on one side of the Judge, directly opposite the candle box, on the other, where Antonio sat. She took her place and never moved during the whole of the trial except-

ing as she was required to testify, and once when the baby tugged at some glistening thing that lay hidden in the folds of her dress, at which she took pains to distract its attention with a chip from the floor. As for the baby, it sat there with its big blue eyes open to their fullest extent, entirely absorbed in the novel scene, save at the moment when that irresistible glitter caught its eye.

Every one being present, the trial went on in good earnest. A number of witnesses were examined, whose testimony showed that Gueldo had had trouble with Blake, and more than once threatened his life; that Gueldo's pistol was one charge empty on the evening of the day of the murder, whereas in the morning it had been full; that he was seen that morning around Blake's house, and more than that, Blake's widow had heard Gueldo's voice just before the fatal shot, and had seen him retreating as she ran out.

At this last point the Galveston lawyer asked the witness a few questions regarding how she knew it was Gueldo's, and how she had recognized the voice for his. She didn't know exactly, but was none the less sure for that.

There had been a rumor about that some one had heard Antonio make a boast of "having done for Blake this time," but if there was a witness for this, he could not be found now.

And so the prosecution closed.

The Galveston lawyer began by involving in a whirlwind of helpless contradiction the witness who had sworn to having seen Gueldo near Blake's house. Then he expatiated on the ease with which one person may be mistaken for another, and brought witnesses to show how Gueldo had already been said to resemble some one in the village. Finally he produced three of the ill-conditioned fellows before referred to, who swore that Antonio was with them on a hunting expedition during the whole of the day on which the murder was committed.

It was a clear case of alibi. Jack Smith's astonishment at the ease with which the thing had been accomplished was unbounded. He threw a disgusted look toward Pitblado, but the Judge was nonplussed and didn't seem to be interested with things in Jake's vicinity.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "the trial took a turn I didn't altogether expect. I don't know as there's much to be said. I s'pose you've got to go by the evidence, an' that don't need any explainin'. Ef you kin make out, accordin' ter that, that Antonio Gueldo killed Jem Blake, why, jest recollect that's what yer here fur."

Jake Smith fidgeted about on his box and cast anxious glances through the open door toward the clump of nopals where the jury was deliberating.

Antonio talked and laughed in an undertone with his counsel, and Blake's widow sat staring at them with compressed lips and a strong expression of determination coming into her face.

It wasn't long before the jury filed in again, all seating themselves but the spokesman, and Judge Pitblado rose, wiping his forehead with his shirt sleeves.

"Straightened it out, hev ye?" asked he, nodding to the spokesman.

The man nodded in return.

"Yer see," said the spokesman, with a hesitating and disappointed air, "ef yer hadn't a-corralled us with stickin' ter the evidence we might 'a' done better, but accordin' to that Antonio wasn't thar when the murder was done, an' ef he wasn't thar he couldn't 'a' done it, an' ef he didn't do it, why—then—of course he's—not guilty."

Pitblado didn't dare to look at anybody, he stared up at the rafters, down at the table, nowhere in particular, and then turned half way toward the prisoner.

"You kin go," said he at last, and with great deliberation, "but don't stay around here too long."

There was a dead pause, during which nobody moved.

Jake Smith exploded a single cuss

word which he had held in for some time past, and Blake's widow stood up.

"Have you got through, Judge," she asked.

"Waal—I s'pose so."

"And there is nothing else to be done?"

"I am afraid there ain't."

"And he's free to go?"

"Y-a-s."

Antonio Gueldo arose with an insolent grin and picked up his hat.

The baby crowed, for it saw the glittering thing again.

There was a sharp report—Antonio pitched forward in a heap upon the floor and Blake's widow stood with the pistol pressed to her breast.

A line of thin blue smoke curled from the muzzle of the weapon and formed a halo around the child's flaxen head. The glittering thing was quite near the little hands now, and they took it from the yielding grasp of the mother.

Blake's widow looked steadily at the figure on the floor—it was quite motionless; then she turned and went through the wide passage opened for her by the silent crowd, holding the baby very tenderly, and the baby carrying the pistol.

The child laughed with delight; it had got its shining plaything again.

## Daudet's Methods.

Alphonse Daudet, the eminent French author, who is hardly more famous for his literary work than noted for his rank dislike and unceasing contempt for the academy, is a man whose working-life is reduced to a system, says an exchange. His actual hours for writing (that is to say, composition) are three per day; from 9 o'clock in the morning until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The remainder of the day is devoted to study, the acquirement of material for future use and the discharge of such duties as cannot well be avoided.

Daudet is a keen student of human nature and is particularly fond of observing it as developed by the boulevardier. There are, it is well known, a number of men in high station in Paris to-day whose lives have been somewhat broken or their spirits more or less crushed by finding their follies or worse relentlessly ridiculed and exoriated in the "creations" of this novelist.

In his L'Immortel, ("One of the Forty,") Alphonse Daudet has drowned or smothered a number of men who fancied themselves great and who for a time vainly attempted to keep their heads above his fiercely running stream of venomous satire. It was in the same work that he boldly emptied upon the foremost literary institution of our time the brimful vials of his contemptuous wrath. The great Alphonse is undoubtedly an irreconcilable in the contemporaneous world of French letters; but he has to the uttermost the courage of his convictions. He fears no maker of books of his time, whether the writer be a rival or not; and he is, to his honor be it said, generous, considerate and friendly to those struggling young men who believe that greatness lies not far beyond the points of their pens.

M. Daudet does not rush through work, being assured that each new story flowing from his fruitful brain will bring him something like \$25,000. Leon, his eldest son, who married Jeanne, the granddaughter of Victor Hugo, promises to occupy a not inconspicuous position in the literary firmament.

## New Vehicle.

An ingenious contrivance is shortly expected to endow street life with additional interest. The machine is in appearance like a comfortable cab, is set upon three wheels, the front one, is in a tricycle, being used to steer by. A metal box or cistern behind contains a supply of benzene oil, from which, while the machine is in motion, the gas required in the motor is generated. A quart, or about three cents worth, of oil is all that is required for a drive of ten miles, which can be accomplished in an hour. The vehicle holds four persons.

## A Wonder of Science.

One of the most delicate surgical operations ever performed in San Francisco was that to which A. Baehm, a patient at the City and County Hospital, was subjected recently. The operation was remarkable endoscope or small electric light was used during the process. This was thrust into the thoracic cavity, and by its illumination the action of the heart and lungs was plainly visible. This is the first case reported on the Pacific coast where the electric endoscope was used in difficult surgery with beneficial results.

Baehm was afflicted with an abscess, which had formed in the pleural cavity and attacked the left lung. The operation was an exceedingly dangerous one, and in order not to shock the patient no mention of the intention of the physicians was made to him.

The sick man was quickly anesthetized and the inflated breast was exposed to view. A discoloration on the left side showed that the trouble lay under the tissue in that direction, and Dr. Ellinwood began operations at once by making two deep incisions crosswise, from which the blood spurted in streams. Several of the larger blood vessels were necessarily cut, but these were quickly ligatured with Dr. Stillman's assistance. The flaps of flesh were laid to one side, exposing the third rib to view. This rib was resected for three inches, and when it was cut away a dark and bloody opening was revealed, through which the thoracic cavity and the space between the lungs could be seen. Dr. Hirschfelder inserted the endoscope through the opening in Baehm's breast and the light was turned on, illuminating the interior of the cavity with remarkable distinctness.

The heart worked slowly, owing to the effect of ether. The aorta dilated and fell with every heart beat. The lung was also plainly visible. During the one hour and a half consumed in making the operation the action of the heart was distinctly visible, and the unusual sight was the subject of much comment upon the part of the operators and spectators.

When the process was completed and every vestige of pus removed, the endoscope was withdrawn and the opening in Baehm's breast closed. The operation was a highly successful one in every particular, and Baehm's condition shows that he is gaining strength.—Electricity.

## Degrees Centigrade.

Sir William Thomas has calculated that the quantity of fuel required for each square yard of the solar surface would be no less than 13,500 pounds of coal per hour, equivalent to the work of a steam engine of 63,000 horse power. This enormous expenditure of fuel would be sufficient to melt a thickness of about forty feet of ice per minute at the sun's surface, says the Gentlemen's Magazine.

Sir John Herschel says: "Supposing a cylinder of ice forty-five miles in diameter to be continually darted into the sun with the velocity of light, and that the water produced by its fusion was continually carried off, the heat now given off constantly by radiation would then be wholly expended in its liquefaction, on the one hand, so as to leave no radiant surplus, while, on the other, the actual temperature at its surface would undergo no diminution."

As to the actual temperature at the sun's surface, various estimates have been made by different computers. Secchi supposed it to be about 10,000,000 degrees of the centigrade thermometer and Sporer 37,000 degrees of the same scale, while M. Pouillet thinks that it lies between 1,461 and 1,761 degrees. C. M. Becquerel, Prof Langley and Sir William Thomson consider that the temperature of the solar photosphere cannot exceed 3,000 degrees centigrade. According to M. Saint Claire Deville the temperature is somewhere about 2,600 degrees to 2,800 degrees.

The new name for the man who throws a banana peel on the sidewalk is a bananarchist.

## FIGS AND THISTLES.

Weekly Wining of the Epigrammatic Sam's Horn.

THE richest people are those who give the most away.

EVERY time some people speak in church the devil feels better.

If there were no little sins there would never be any big ones.

WHENEVER you talk about water somebody is sure to want a drink.

THE man who has God to plan for him always does a good day's work.

FOR every failing a man can point out in others he has two of his own.

FAITH is what a Christian has the most of when he has lost everything else.

It never helps us to walk any straighter to watch another man's feet.

THE man who worships a God of his own imagination, worships himself.

SAUL was bigger on the day he became king than he ever was afterward.

HEREBY perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us."

EVERY Christian ought to read a chapter in God's living Bible to some sinner.

LAZARUS had to walk to the rich man's gate, but he was carried to Heaven.

THE man who seeks his reward in this world, never gets a price that suits him.

THE happiest Christian is the one who spends the least time in looking at himself.

THE less a man amounts to the prouder he is of his ancestors being big people.

"He that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he believeth on Me shall never thirst."

THE man who walks with God is always sneered at by some highly respectable people.

THE greatest reward ever offered for faithfulness are those promised in the word of God.

"God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

THE devil never throws any stones at the preacher who is not sure that the Bible is all true.

YOR can always tell how well a preacher loves the Lord by the kind of gospel he preaches.

WHENEVER the devil has ten minutes to spare, he uses it to set more traps for the children.

THE blindest people are those who never find out that they can not be happy in their own way.

THERE isn't a poor man in the world who would carry a millionaire's load for the pay he gets.

THE best farm in the promised land is always the one which has the biggest giants living on it.

THERE are people who would rather pay their own way to the pit than to go to Heaven for nothing.

EVERY man will find out in the judgment that Christ has often come to see him at his own house.

THE man who knows that God is with him to-day, has no trouble about trusting Him for to-morrow.

THERE are so many temperance men who take their blue ribbons off when they go away from home.

If sunshine had to be paid for, there are many people who would declare that candle light could beat it.

If some people had the faith to move mountains, they would soon make all their neighbors' land very hilly.

NO MAN ever attains a station so exalted in this world that God does not expect him to help those beneath him.